

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Party for a Summer Bride

Summer, save in resort or the more fashionable suburbs, is not a time for formal entertaining. Small things succeed, but elaborate things fail.

This makes it hard for the summer bride in one way, easy in another. If she be a stranger she is often doomed to long weeks of comparative loneliness, because her husband's friends hate to entertain in hot weather; are too lazy even to call. On the other hand, the bride who is thus entertained comes closely in touch with people as she never would in the formal functions of cold weather.

If you know a bride you would entertain, or if you are the bride herself who would return hospitality, remember that entertaining in summer needs far more thought than in cold weather. One cannot give the ordinary tea, luncheon, bridge, luncheon or dinner and expect the guests to enjoy it—they are too warm.

Whatever you decide to give let thought of heat be uppermost. A tea, even a big one, is bearable, nay, enjoyable, if its environments, hour and refreshments are suitable. It is indeed a brave hostess who asks a guest to come out for a cup of tea at 1 o'clock on a hot summer afternoon; put the hour from 5 to 7; ask men as well as women; give refreshments that are fairly substantial, yet cooling.

A simple menu for such a tea would be iced bouillabaisse, sandwiches, iced tea or coffee, a fruit punch and ices. A light salad could be added.

Somewhat more formal than a tea or lawn reception is an outdoor supper at 7:30 o'clock. Have small tables scattered over the lawn and provide enough waiters to avoid delay. On each table have a vase of garden flowers, a plate of sandwiches, a dish of salted nuts and one of candies.

Seat the guests by place cards; it avoids confusion.

Light the table by means of hanging lanterns, or if expensive, do not count, string shaded electric light bulbs in the trees.

Keep the menu cold, as carrying hot food through the air tends to failure. A good menu is fresh berries unadorned; iced cantaloupe or watermelon balls sprinkled with finely chopped mint and dashed with sherry; iced gumbos; chicken chops or cold breast of chicken, with fresh peas and new potatoes cut into small balls with a vegetable spoon, then sprinkled with parsley and dressed with drawn butter; and hot biscuit, a fruit salad with Virginia ham; and raspberry, blackberry or other ice cream.

Serve hot coffee after dinner. Iced tea with mint is permissible and refreshing during the meal.

Summer Wedding Party.

If a bride party is the form of entertainment, have it for women only and give it in the morning. Play on the porch if you can; if not have the drawing room shaded, with bowls of fresh garden flowers for decoration and a bowl of fruit punch mixed with charged water.

If lunch is too much of an undertaking, serve ices, cake and candy before noon. A menu similar to that just given would answer nicely for the lunch. The first fruit course and the fish may be omitted if it is too elaborate.

For guests who do not play cards the informal porch parties of the Southland in the morning are a pleasant way for the strange bride to become acquainted. The guests bring their sewing, rest on easy chairs on the porch or under the trees and light refreshments are passed at noon. Iced chocolate, lettuce and sweet pepper sandwiches, frozen fruit in sherbet glasses and fresh coconut cakes will be ample.

Stay-at-home Parties.

Neighborhood parties for the stay-at-home is a pleasant form of evening entertaining, even in the city. Let a club be formed, each hostess—or host—for a number of nights, and entertain as late as suits her. It is well, however, to limit the refreshments to two courses, or perhaps two articles, as cake and ice cream, punch and cake, iced drink and sandwiches for the simpler form; a salad, crackers and cheese and an ices for the more elaborate.

These neighborhood parties are always out-of-doors—unless a hard rain comes up—sometimes they take the form of a trolley ride, with supper later at the home of the hostess or at some wayside inn; again, it can be a porch or lawn gathering, with music, sometimes a can be a roof garden party, or if one of the club is a member of a country club he can ask the guests there to supper; and if there is a water nearby a moonlight ride on a steamer, a sail, or even going out in rowboats, with supper to follow wherever convenient.

It is surprising how pleasant a summer in town can be made if a little trouble is taken. The club may be the young people and young married people, or all the neighbors who are congenial to each other; the older ones often proving the best kind of friends to the young bride.

If one must give a formal dinner in hot weather, it should be avoided generally—serve it on a screened porch, if at all possible. If a dining room is imperative, do everything to make it look and seem cool. Have the decorations subdued in tone, white and green or green and pale pink; preferably, shaded candles for the only light and refresh the air by electric fans—far enough away not to annoy by humming—and by means of cracked ice at different spots in the room.

One hostess says whenever she must entertain on a hot night she has her muslin curtains lifted on the rods, sprinkled heavily with cold water and rung just as they are. This is a very much shorter than the lower side, which was rounded. A pelorine or cape had one side smoothly rounded, the other pointed in front of the arm and falling over the shoulders. This and the bottom of the cloak were finished with bands of black velvet. The loose sleeves are adorned with heavy cords of dull gold and huge buttons to match. A band of fish bordered these also. An immense motif of loops and buttons fastened the fronts together. The chief feature of the cloak was irregularity, no two sides being alike.

Every one is delighted in beautiful evening cloaks. An importation of very recent date is worth noting. The material was of softest chiffon velvet of a wonderful sapphire blue. The lines were straight and clinging. Oyster white charmeuse satin lined the cloak. The fronts were crossed, the upper side being cut in a point, the lower shorter than the lower side, which was rounded. A pelorine or cape had one side smoothly rounded, the other pointed in front of the arm and falling over the shoulders. This and the bottom of the cloak were finished with bands of black velvet. The loose sleeves are adorned with heavy cords of dull gold and huge buttons to match. A band of fish bordered these also. An immense motif of loops and buttons fastened the fronts together. The chief feature of the cloak was irregularity, no two sides being alike.



DAINTY EVENING AND AFTERNOON FROCKS FOR MIDSUMMER.

L'Art de la Mode.

Some Ways of the World

"No, indeed!" said the young matron who had succeeded in locating herself in an ideal spot for the summer. "I didn't find it through a real estate man. I have a much better plan than that. Whenever I want a place to spend the summer I take two or three days each week to explore different parts of Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey and Staten Island, having first written to such friends as know my wants in the way of a country home. In this way I hear of places that are not on the market, and I learn all the advantages and disadvantages of motoring in each neighborhood. Well shaded roads count for much when Old Sol is out in full strength, as he is from July to September. Sometimes I take six weeks to get suited, but I always manage to find such a gem of a home that all my friends are envious."

One or two seasons I have had the luck of finding lovely old farms with 'For Sale' signs tacked against one of the ancient trees in the dooryard. In each case I prevailed upon the owner to give me a summer rental at what was for him a munificent sum, but which was much less than a seaside or mountain cottage would have cost me. Of course, these old farmhouses have many disadvantages. I can't sleep on feather beds, naturally, but as I always have some of my best beloved belongings sent out in a van I can include springs and hair mattresses. I never rent more than the house, with enough land for a kitchen garden and space in the barn for two or three automobiles. Thus I have all the fun of being on a farm without none of the bother. The farmer supplies me with butter and eggs and I use all the wild fruits I can get hold of. Those I can't eat, I have preserved, and such preserves I've never tasted their like."

"Some day I may own a country place, but the expense exceeds the cost of a rented one, and as for the care, if I haven't feel like assuming such a burden during the season when I want recreation."

It is becoming quite the fashion to distribute family heirlooms among the younger generation before the death of the older one, which not only gives a greater yield of pleasure from each article, but dodges the inheritance tax. The generous ones of the older generation are usually wary,

enough, however, to retain what they best like and enough else to make them desirable visitors around the family. This fact, combined with gratitude for what has already been given, naturally operates to make the elderly relative one to be welcomed with open arms, so that her declining years may, if chosen, be spent in a round of visits. These are sure to be as agreeable as each niece or grandchild can make them, because moving on to another relative means that the coveted treasures go with the mover and may be forever lost. For at times of distribution it is always those who are nearest who get the lion's share.

New York boasts that everything in the world can be bought within its confines, but a woman who recently went into mourning found that this was not so. Crepe-covered buttons, fold and frogs and other ornamental devices of crepe are not to be had for love or money. One can buy suits and crepe bonnets and black-bordered handkerchiefs, but the little things that will transform the suit one already has into a mourning costume, the very things above all others, that one needs in a hurry, are not to be found.

"And if they were," added the one who had searched for them in vain, "the cost would probably be outrageous, in accordance with the universal custom of plucking first, last and always the widow and orphan."

An apple or orange placed in a box of fresh cookies will keep them from drying out and impart a delicious fruity flavor. A cut apple in the cake box will keep cake fresh for a long time.

Small pieces of charcoal laid in the corners and upon the shelves of closets will absorb dampness and dispel unpleasant odors.

To mend a crack in the inside of the range, fill with a paste made of sifted wood ashes and common salt, wet with water.

Break into small bits the old rubber rings of fruit jars and heat them over the fire until they bubble. Then spread the melted rubber over the leaks in the seams of the vessels. Mended jars will hold water in the same way.

A teaspoonful of vinegar set on the back of the range and kept boiling while cabbage, onions, etc. are cooking will prevent the odor from them getting through the house.

America Disturbs Countess

The Countess of Warwick, who is celebrated in both the Old World and the New as a beauty, a philanthropist and a Socialist, recently visited America, and she is quoted in an interview in Good Housekeeping as declaring apropos of her sojourn in New York: "Much as I admire America, there is one element, especially here in town, which somehow or other disturbs me, both mentally and physically. So much din and rush and aimless hurry about everything decidedly disagrees with me. The railway travel is very trying, indeed."

The noise and hurry of London, or even Paris, do not interfere with either my mental or physical well-being. But here the very air, I think, seems to get into one's brain, into one's blood, and prevents me, at any rate, from ordering and classifying my occupation. Now, for instance, to give you a rather important trifle as an example, I am supposed to be a well-dressed woman."

Nevertheless, my clothes do not grow upon me, and are consequently a subject for minute attention. You see, I never allow even the best of my maids to select the least thing I wear. Now, I know I could not do this over here. I have no intention of being didactic—perish the thought—but there are so few women who understand the real use of elegance, the French sense of the word, which means the absolute fitness of clothes to the wearer and the occasion."

"A woman should study her lines and make the most of herself. She should dress with that which becomes her most, irrespective of the prevailing mode. I do myself."

"Good dress is an intuition. It is a necessity for a woman to give the utmost care to her toilet and dress, whether she be good looking or plain. You will laugh, no doubt, if I tell you that this scrupulousness of detail begins with the morning bath, delicately prepared and perfumed—well-brought-up women ever use violet scents—the warm and restful bath at night, which produces dreamless sleep; in short, the minute care of the whole person! In every case, whether one is about to don tweeds, a riding habit, a shooting suit, court dress, or a night rail, as our grandmothers used to say, it is always the less than the dress that counts, which is the most important thing."

"Your American women? Oh, I have seen the prettiest girls in the world here in America; they have beautiful hair, a riding habit, a shooting suit, the late hours they are allowed to keep. You Americans are lavish of your wonderful resources, even of your physical strength and the vigor, vitality and beauty of your very daughters."

Concerning Clothes and Such

"There is nothing new to be seen at the dressmaking houses," writes a woman who has the entire to all of those fashion sources. "From now on one must watch the modish women and haunt the places where they congregate if one wants to collect interesting fashion notes. I strolled into Beer's this morning for a little powder. 'What's new?' I asked."

"But you saw our opening?" protested the presiding genius.

"Of course I did."

"And you saw everything we did for the early races?"

"Yes, but I sent there anything new?"

Monsieur raised hands and eyes toward heaven.

"Men! Dieu! Ces Américaines! Ces Américaines!" he groaned.

"And yet the Parisiennes who can afford to pay for their whims demand new things and get them. There is nothing new for the trade, but valued private customers are on a different footing, and while the general ideas put forth early in the season linger, they are used only as themes for wonderful and sometimes fearful variations."

They hesitate to give up what they have considered ultra smart, and to accept entirely new ideals. The dressmakers themselves, with of course, some distinguished exceptions, are uncertain in their attitude toward the new and experimental modes. They mistrust their own skill in drapery—and with good cause—they do not quite understand the handling of the new sleeves.

And so one sees many new frocks that are exceedingly like those of the mass, and for women of taste this summer promises to be a season of particularly attractive dressing.

One need not go in for the extremes of skirt drapery, but there are so many models which show merely a graceful little movement to break the straight scantiness of last season's skirt—a movement that does not, to any appreciable degree, widen the silhouette, yet does away with any faintest trace of hobbling and adds infinitely to the grace of the skirt.

Few women with any claim to modish dressing can be seen now in the straight, plain skirt, very narrow at the bottom as well as above and made with a flat box plait or habit back. Anything uglier than this skirt one will save the slimmest figures it would be hard to imagine, and its passing is a matter for great rejoicing. Even the tailored skirt, this season, if really up to date, has room for freedom of movement and does not reveal every line of the body, though it may look straight and narrow when the wearer is not moving.

The Parisian craze for separate and contrasting coats should imply the problem of the summer wardrobe somewhat; and, too, it permits the use of a thin and sheer skirt or frock material which would not follow well in a coat and yet is admirably comfortable and drapable for skirt or frock. The average lightweight silk is hard to handle in a coat unless one adopts one of the old and fanciful little models which look charming for dressy wear, but which will wear with a simple street costume, but with a light weight cloth or a silk with some body for coat material, the simplest and lightest of stuffs may be used for skirt or one piece frock.

Your Vacation

Vacation time is upon us and everybody—at least nearly everybody—is planning a happy holiday. A man that knows has pulled down everything in his wardrobe, and his wife's wardrobe and the children's closet outside the nursery. He is going fishing two months from now, somewhere in Maine, I believe. He laughs at his little boy gravely seated on an over-turned bucket, making believe that he is fishing on a big flowered carpet with a bent pin and a string from his sister's petticoat. He laughs at the same little boy for stalking deer around the legs of the dining room table, but after all it is quite the same game, that is playing the big game, that the child and the big man and his little son—and sometimes equally as satisfactory in results, that is, one in minus the mosquitoes and the lunch.

Everywhere you turn you run into somebody that has a delightful plan of some sort. The busy man must go somewhere to get the cobwebs out of their brain, add the fluffy wives, just for show, who cannot stand the heat, they declare, and so they shut up the house and then the man drifts for a couple of months at the least, are in the mountains, or some such place of summer retreat. How about the mothers and wives that cannot go at all? Some of them actually prefer town, and then there are a large number that could not go if they could, and there are pages and pages written in the book of tragedies about little sick children and longing for God's own sky and green grass that we never know about. Hot factories and stores are full of them, those girls that cannot go away because there just isn't any money.

But you, that are going away, you are the one that talks about the slum work that you do in the winter time. And it is good work, too, but what about the country? You may sit on your dear, cozy veranda, with its soft cool things about, and one week-end you have a party of friends down from the lake and the next month you entertain some of the girls that are stepping at the place beyond. Do you know that actually in the country there are people that have no porches, and that the little sick children toss with the weariness of the heat and closeness of a narrow cabin on low and uncomfortable beds? No, and it would never enter your head that you the big rich houses all about in some of those cunning little places that you have passed there is poverty and hunger and a heart-wearing struggle for wherewithal.

In the heart of one of the richest and most fashionable neighborhoods of the State lived a family, tenants they were on a big farm, and the man from whom they drew their pay was counted quite a wealthy man, and their daughter was stricken with the terrible "white plague." She put up such a brave fight, and the days and nights of suffering were hard to bear. Her mother fought beside her, that terrible battle of love against death, but they didn't have the few dollars necessary to send her to a sanatorium, before it was too late, though later they did get the money together for her to go. All those rich people—all those months they were spending unthinking with her dying almost in their sight; but you see they didn't think about it, and help came too late.

In the village of pretty houses there are obliged to be brave, lonely hearts that wonder where they are going to get even a chance to make the little pittance so necessary to sustain life. Do you know, I don't believe that those few buttonholes you might get them to make would mean half as much as the fact that your carriage or machine stood at their door one afternoon once in a while for them to take just the shortest bit of a drive. You never thought of it, I am sure—those people who live in the country and must trudge the weary mile or two to church, or to the next neighbor's. You would not possibly miss the carriage that afternoon.

There are lonely, aching hearts any where we turn. This is your vacation time, and you want your days to be filled with all the happiness and good times you can possibly have. Won't you pinch off just the smallest sort of crumb of your cake for the tired little dressmaker at the end of the only street in the village? She would go back from the drive and the joy of the easy cushions, and just the simple pleasure of saying to the woman across the street, "Won't you come, too?" with her heart overflowing with belief in the sunshine of the world and the goodness of you, dear lady, in particular.

Yes, indeed, there is all the opportunity in the world for applying some of your winter work in your vacation. Don't let those long, pleasant days be filled for yourself and your happiness, and for the happiness of others, when you are; maybe you have never been there before, and it will all be new. Look around in that little village where you have spent every summer of your life; just when you least expect to find yourself doing it, your arms will be full of time, and look around where you are; maybe you have never been there before, and it will all be new. Look around in that little village where you have spent every summer of your life; just when you least expect to find yourself doing it, your arms will be full of time, and look around where you are; maybe you have never been there before, and it will all be new. Look around in that little village where you have spent every summer of your life; just when you least expect to find yourself doing it, your arms will be full of time, and look around where you are; maybe you have never been there before, and it will all be new.

Revival of Lace. In an interesting article on the art of lacemaking in the May issue of the Englishwoman, its origin is traced back 400 years to Flanders, a kind of work closely resembling lace, made in Venice. The writer thinks that the particular design in the design is secondary to the work.

Of the revival of lace which is going on in England at the present time we are told that it is not the enthusiasm and not the knowledge of art that is at fault in not producing adequate results, but the fact that the lace makers signs are made without practical knowledge of the work and its limitations.

The need of scope for the individual worker is pointed out in an allusion to the charm of the Italian laces.

In looking through rare old Venetian pattern books compiled in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, I was struck by the slowness of the designs and how much scope was left to the individual worker, and I believe that explains one of the essential charms of the Italian laces. The intelligence of each worker has been encouraged. As lace became universally fashionable, and other countries took up the work, more and more especially as pillow lace came into being, the designs became more elaborate and perfect, and there was not the same scope for the workers to put in their own ideas. A single piece of Brussels lace worked for Louis XIV. required eighteen different hands, each worker doing a separate part.